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NO. 25 00750
APR. 75/CDC

YOGI BEAR



RAY DIRGO

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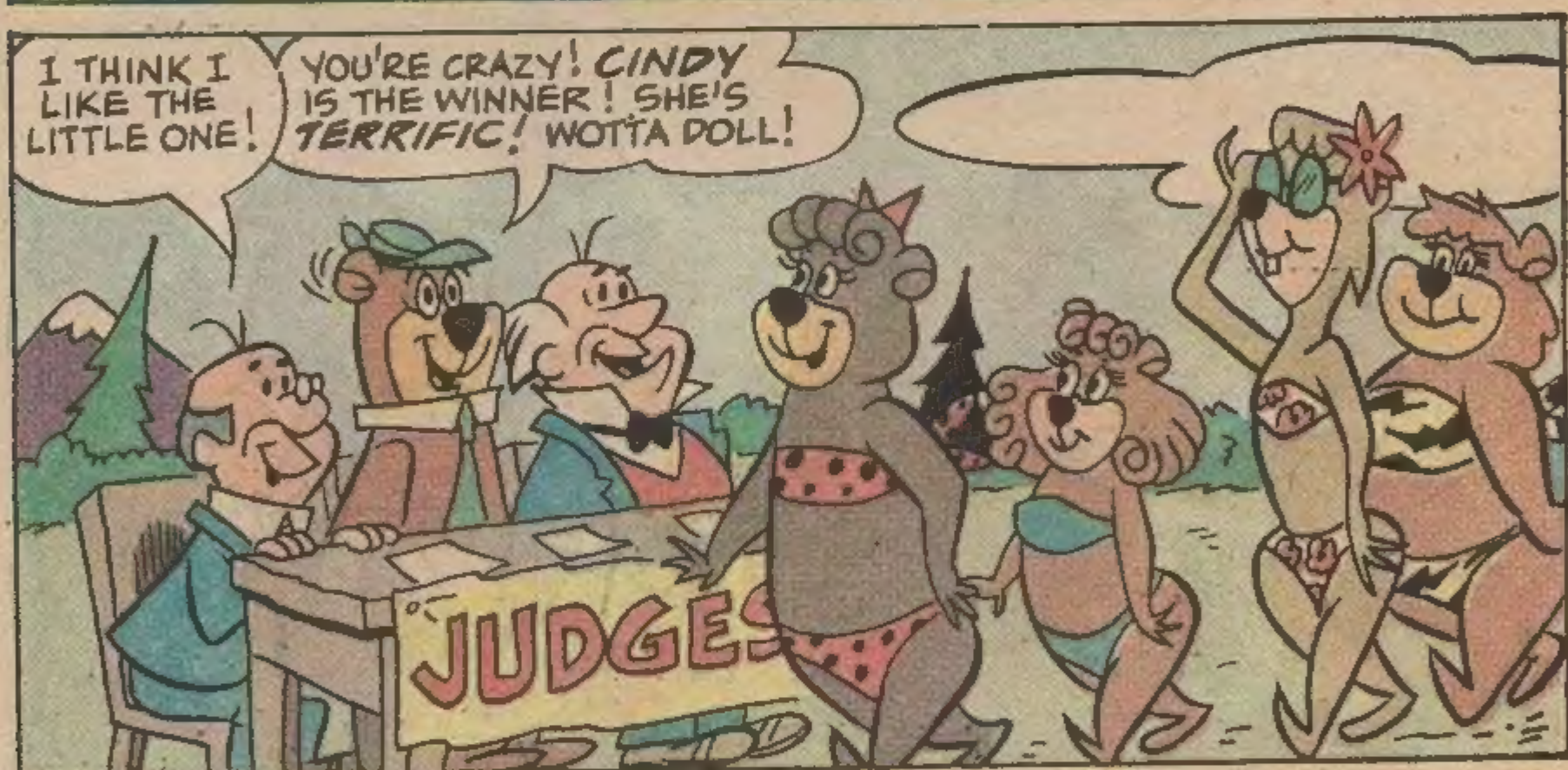
YOGI BEAR IN Yogi's Girl!!



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UH, HERE'S THE ONE WE PICKED, MR. SMITH! IT WAS A UNANIMOUS DECISION!

AND YOGI'S DECISION... I MEAN THE JUDGES PICKED CINDY BEAR AS MISS JELLYSTONE!



CONGRATULATIONS, CINDY! I BRUNG YA FLOWERS FOR OUR DATE TONIGHT!

WHO'S THIS CLOWN?



LEMME THROUGH! SHE'S MY GI... SPLUUTT!

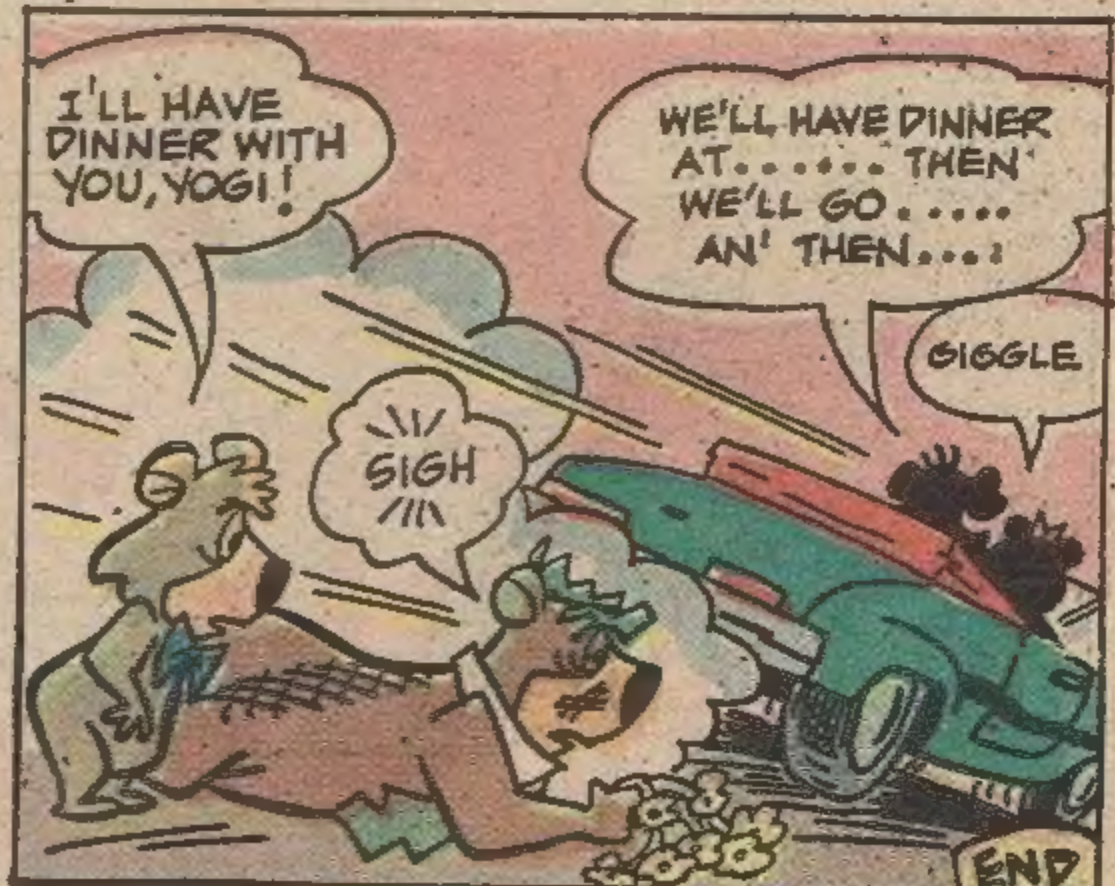
ONE SIDE, YOUSE GUYS! ME AN' THE LADY IS STEPPIN' OUT TONIGHT!

I'LL HAVE DINNER WITH YOU, YOGI!

WE'LL HAVE DINNER AT..... THEN WE'LL GO..... AN' THEN....

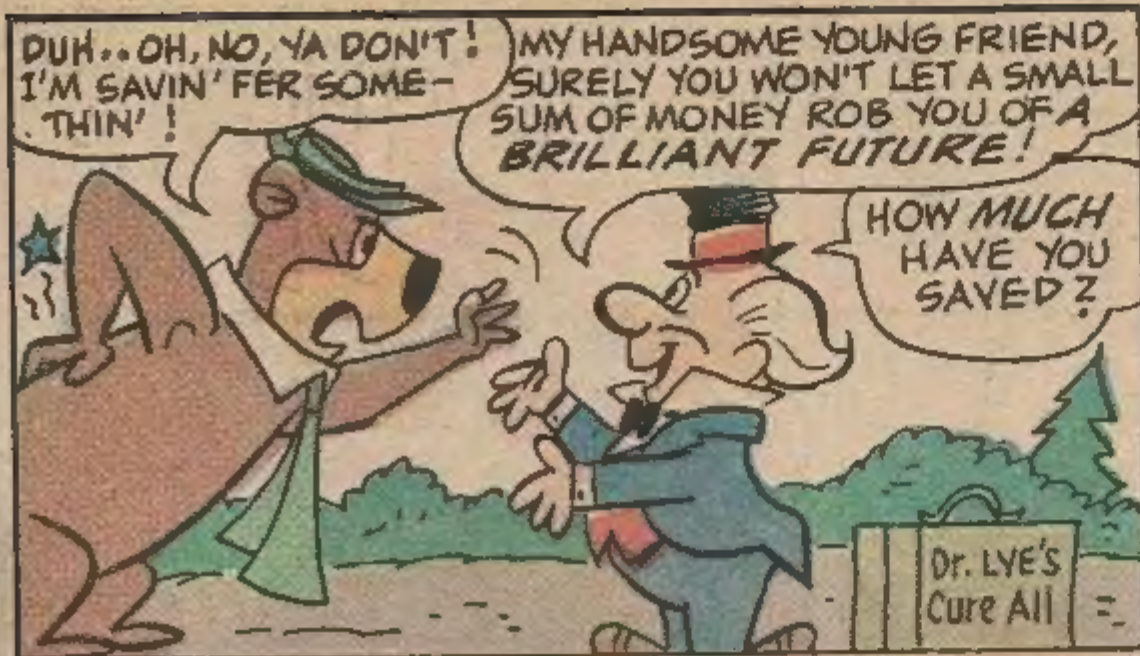
GIGGLE

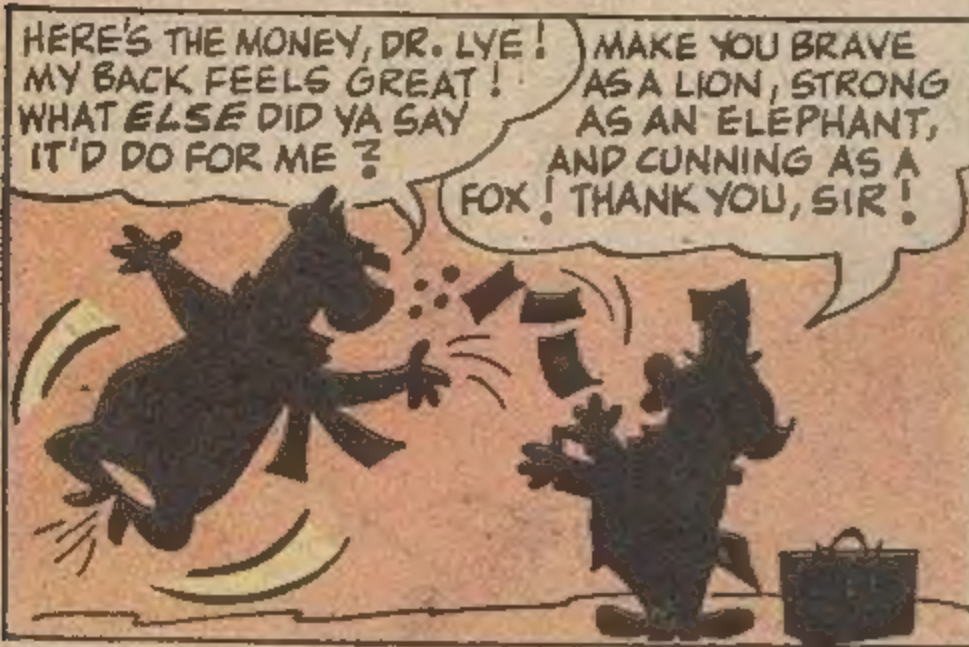
SIGH



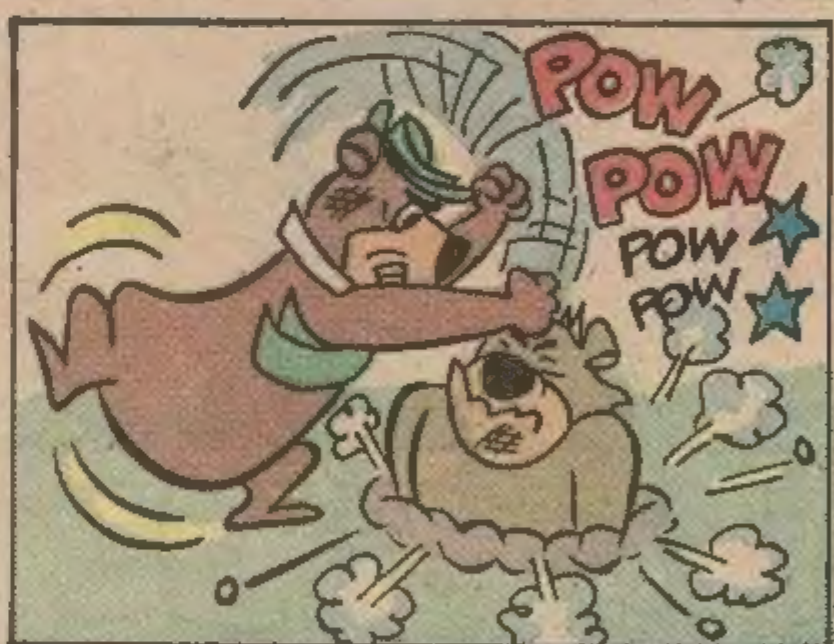
YOGI BEAR The CURE











I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

Pssstt
bzzz bzzz

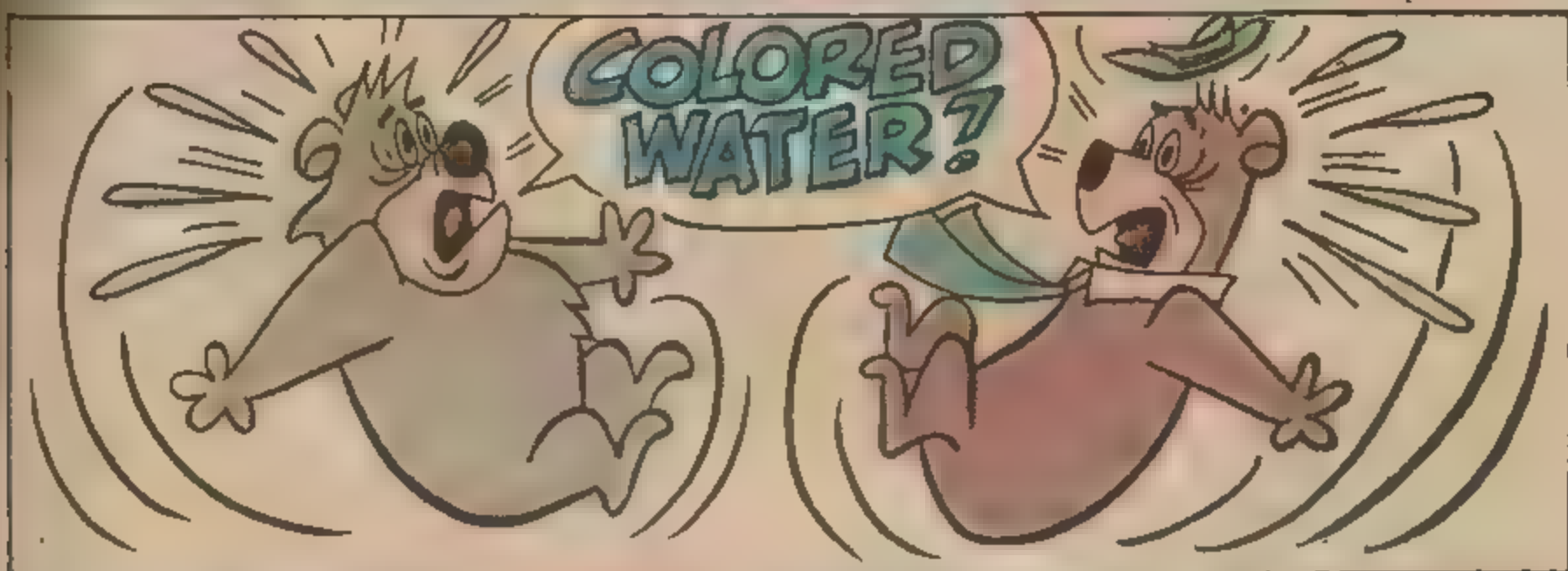


WUZ HE TALKIN' ABOUT ME?

JUST THAT THE MEDICINE DR. LYE SOLD ME WAS COLORED WATER!

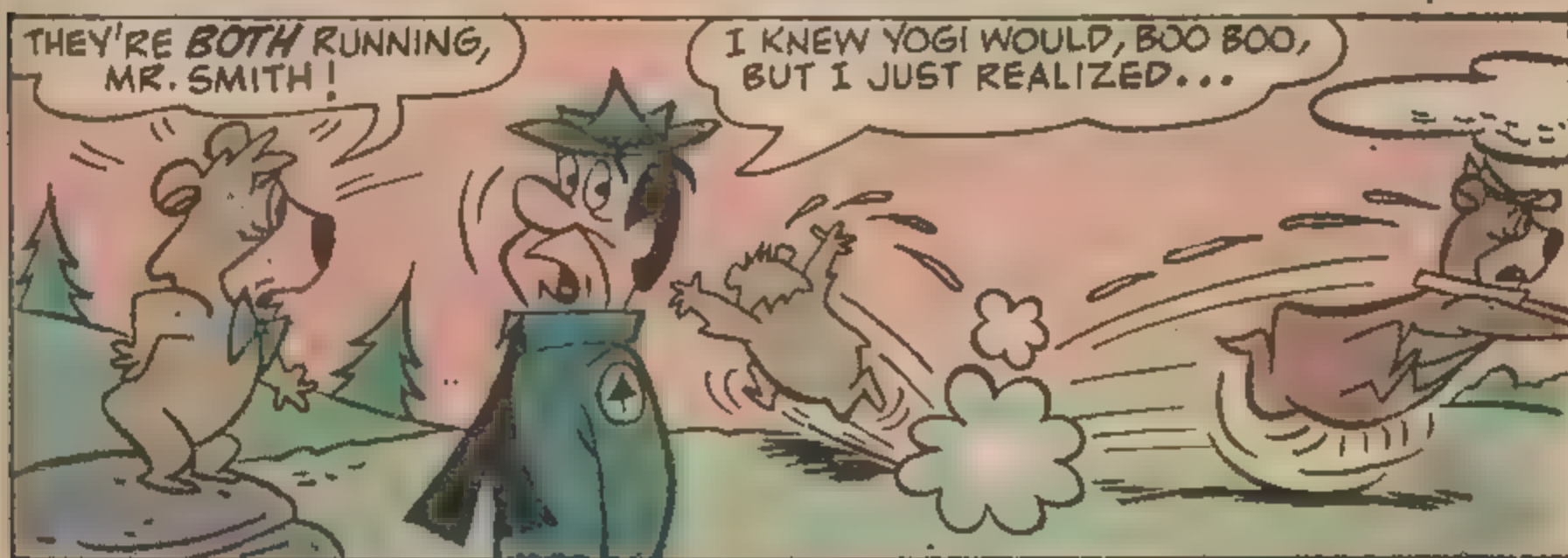


COLORED WATER?



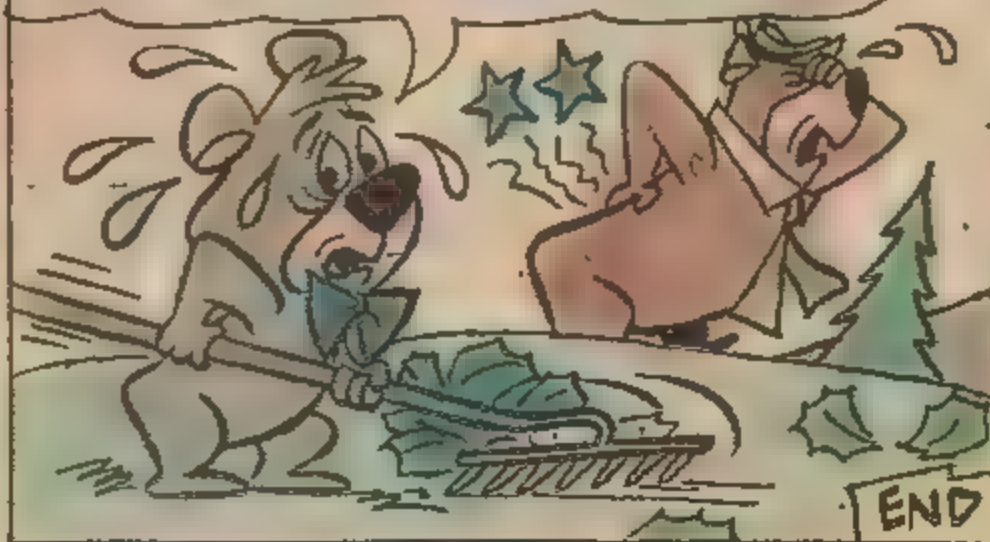
THEY'RE BOTH RUNNING, MR. SMITH!

I KNEW YOGI WOULD, BOO BOO, BUT I JUST REALIZED...



"GOON McBRUIN WAS HYPNOTIZED BY DR. LYE TOO! WHEN HE FOUND OUT DR. LYE WAS A FAKE, HE STOPPED BEING A BAD BEAR!"

WE NEVER SHOULD'VE TOLD YOGI THE MEDICINE WASN'T ANY GOOD! HIS BACK ACHE IS BACK ACHIN' MORE THAN EVER!



END

YOGI BEAR

IN

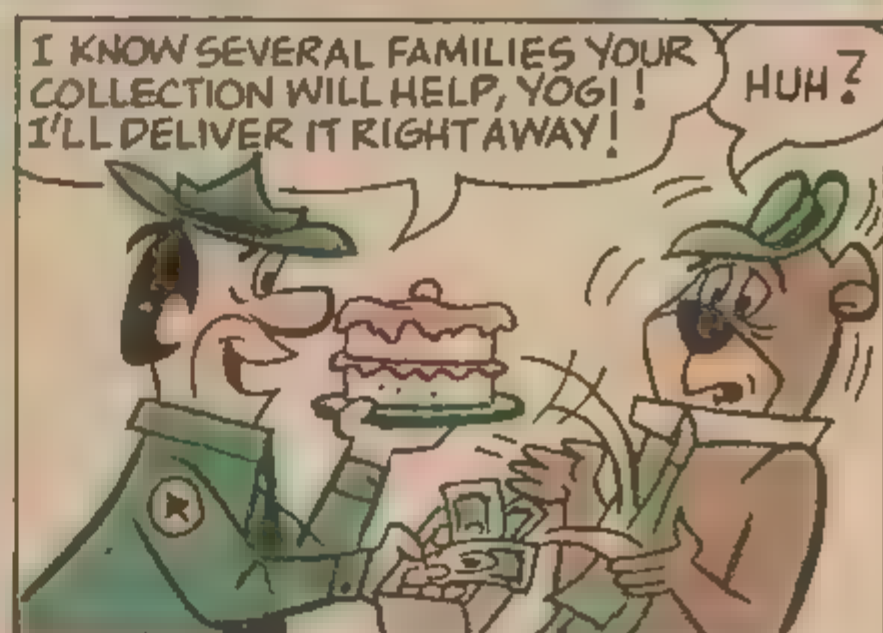
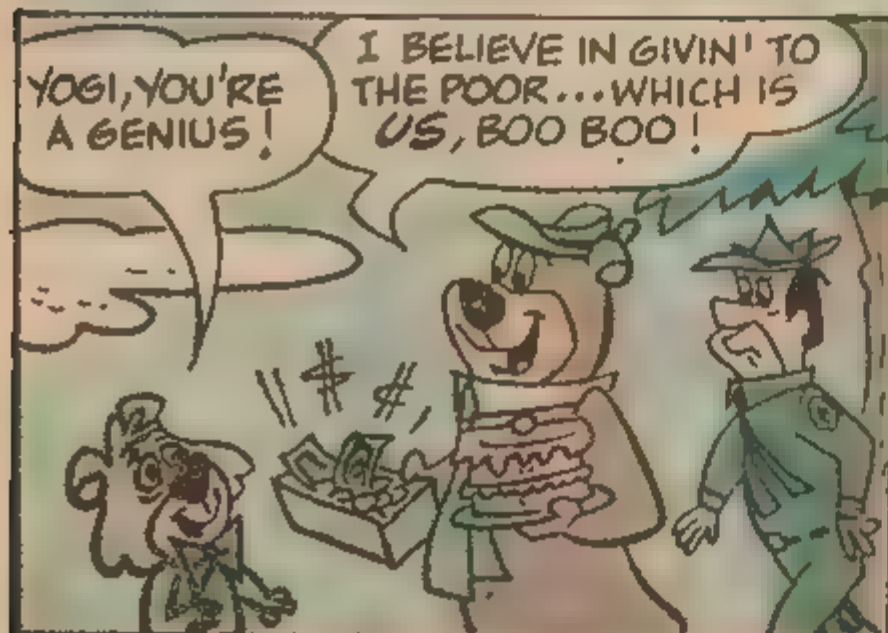
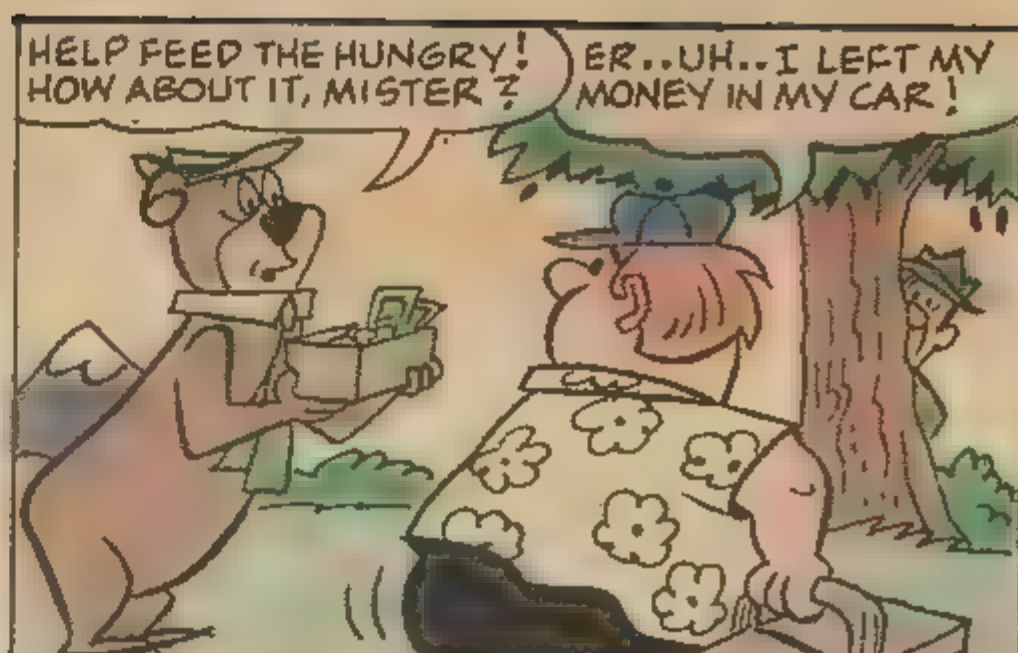
Help the Hungry



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RAY DIRSO / J. GILL





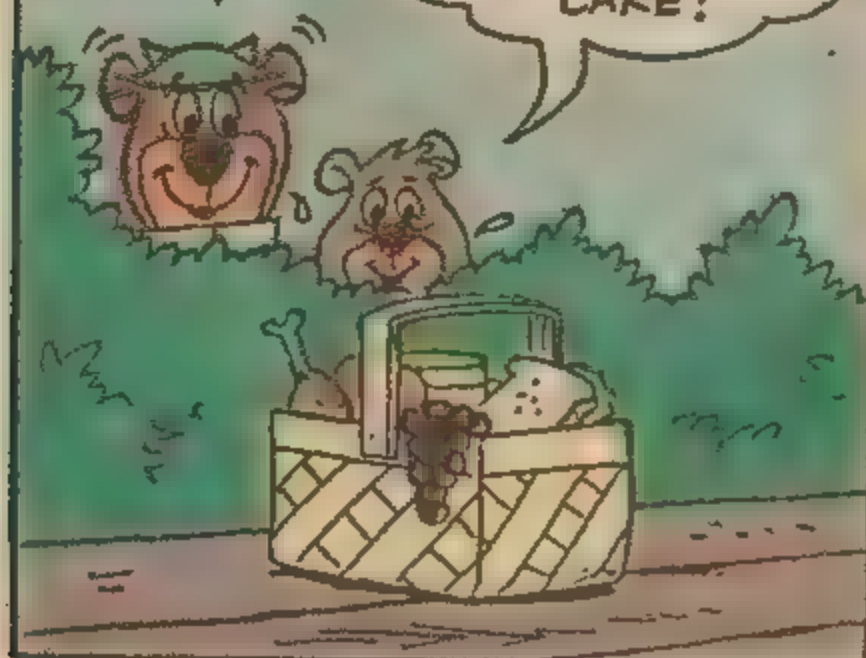
YOGI BEAR

IN

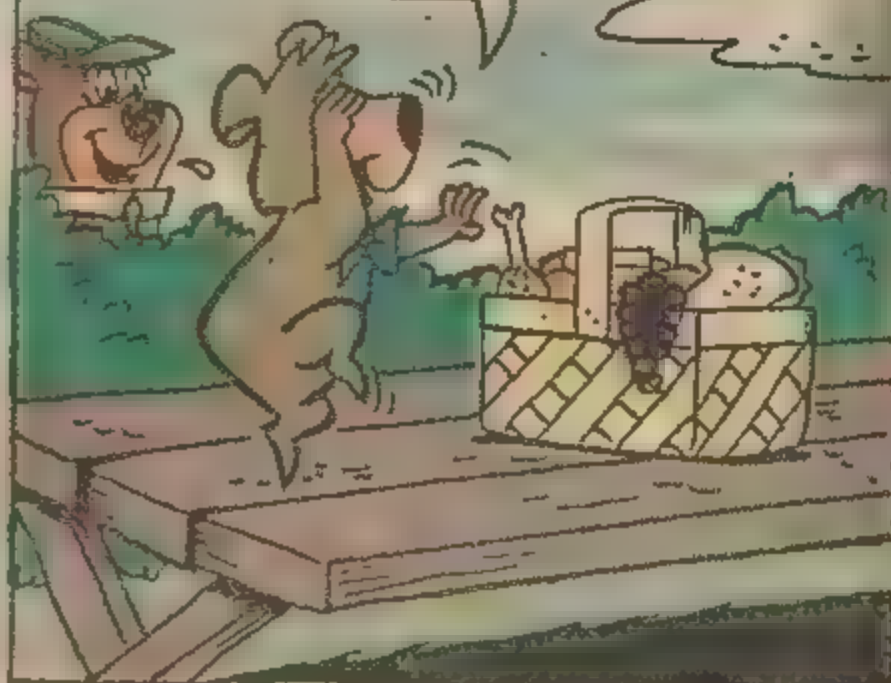
A COMMERCIAL SUCCESS STORY

WHAT A DELICIOUS
LOOKING SCENE,
BOO BOO!

AN UNLOVED
PICNIC BASKET
FILLED WITH
GOODIES! LET'S
GIVE IT SOME
TENDER LOVING
CARE!



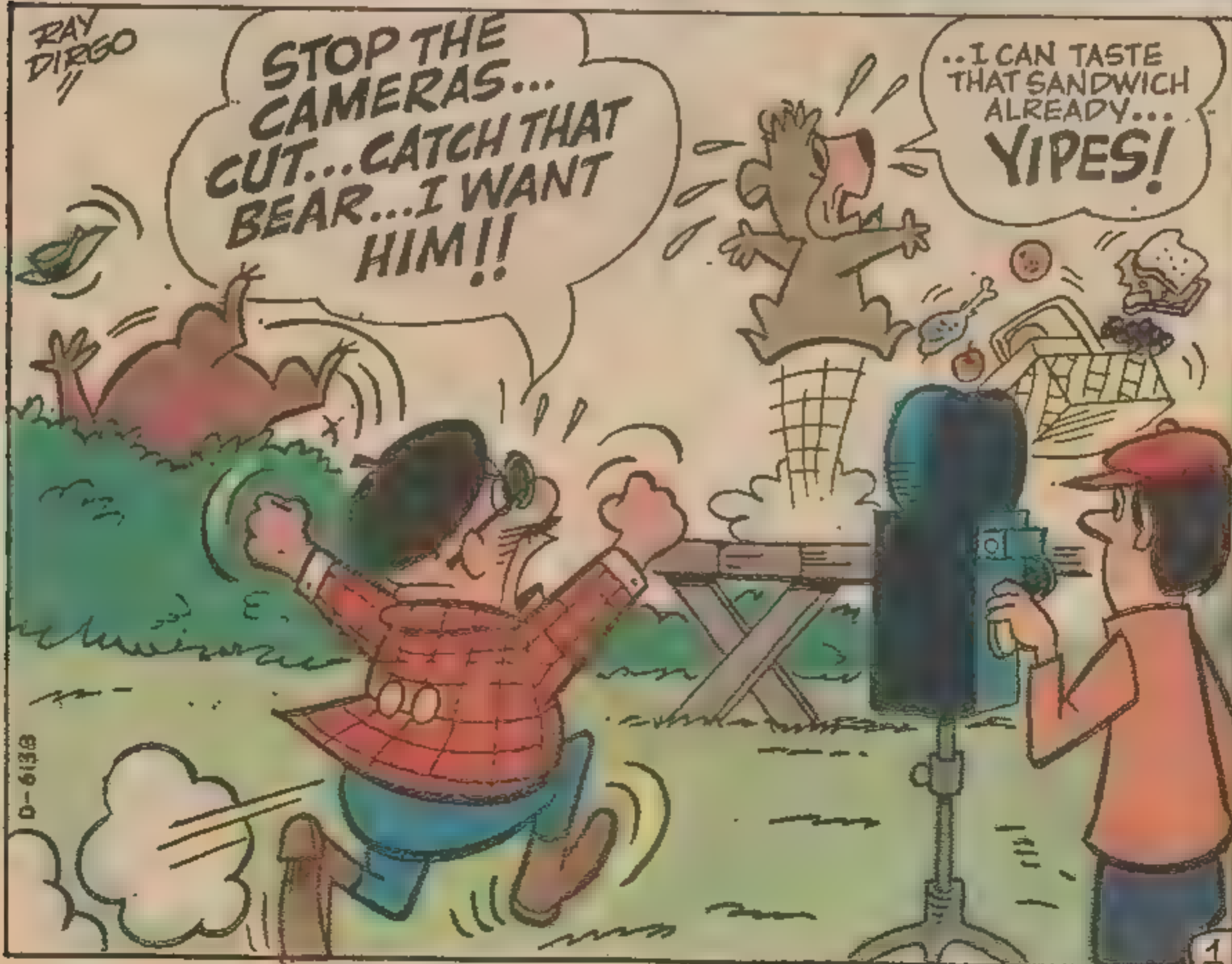
LOOK AT ME, YOGI! I'M GOING
TO POACH THIS BASKET USING
MY RADAR ONLY! GRAPPLING
HAND READY... PREPARE
TO SNATCH...



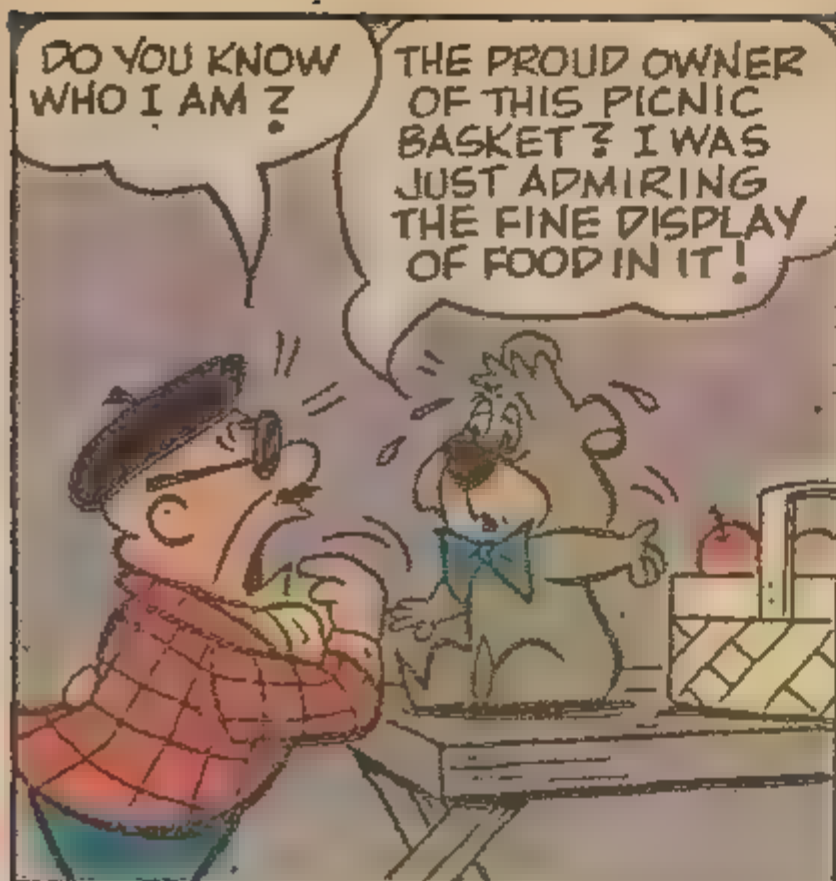
RAY
DIRGO

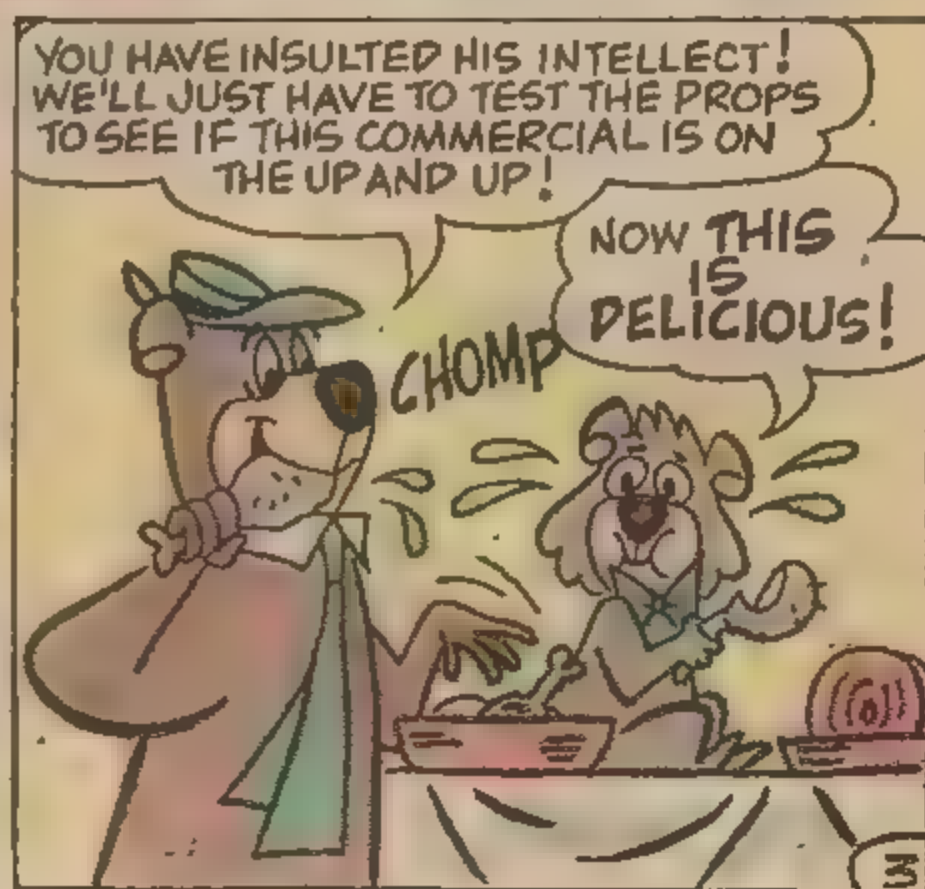
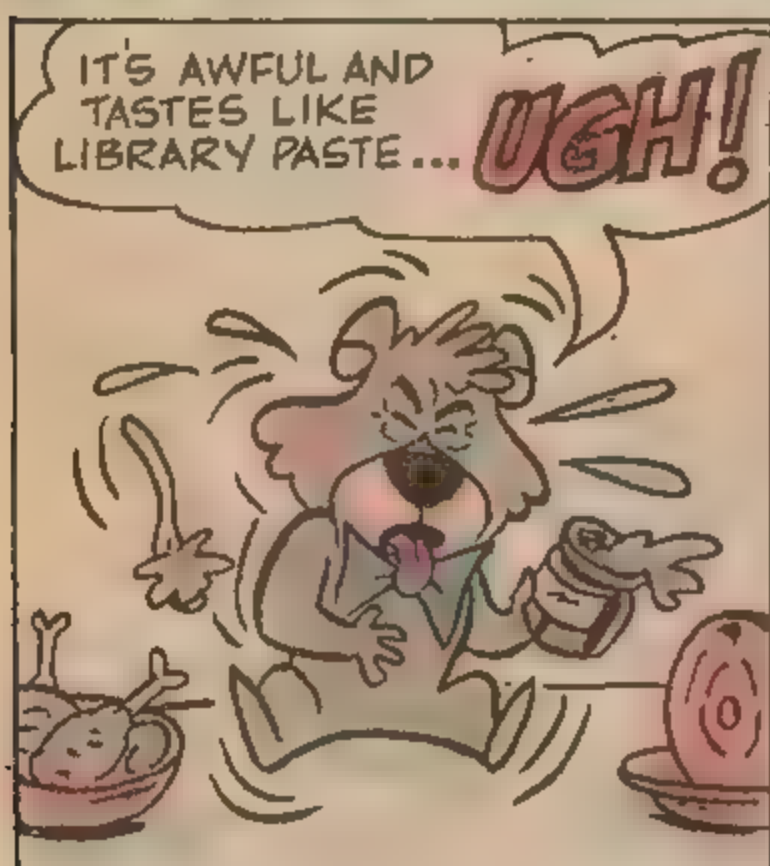
STOP THE
CAMERAS...
CUT... CATCH THAT
BEAR... I WANT
HIM!!

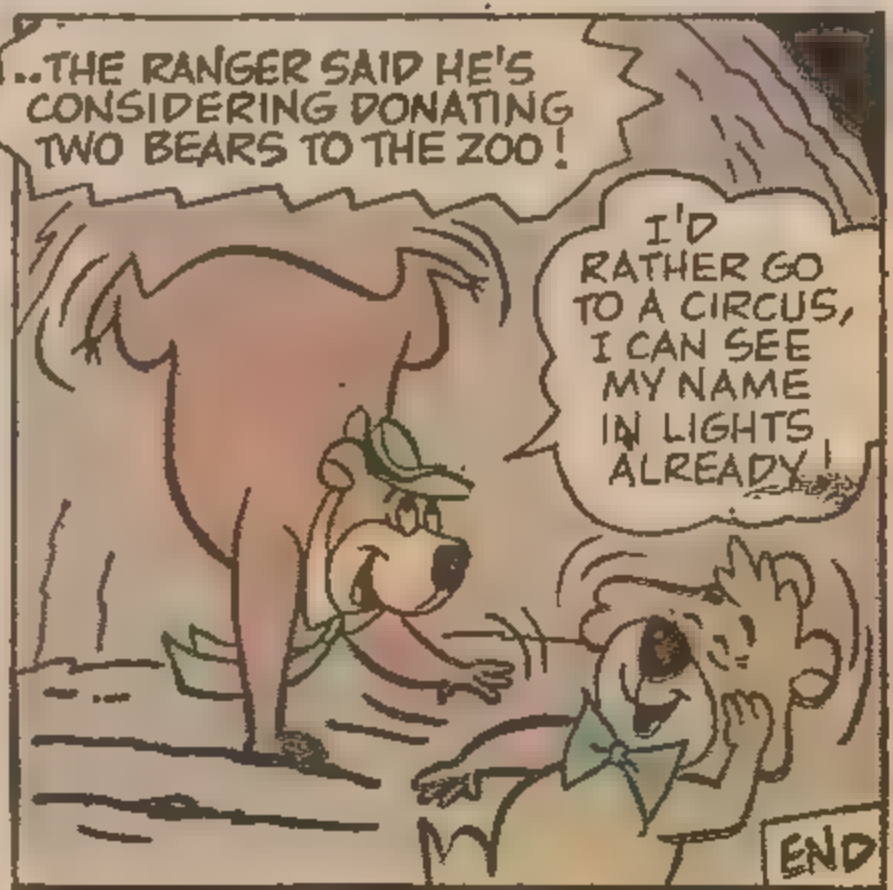
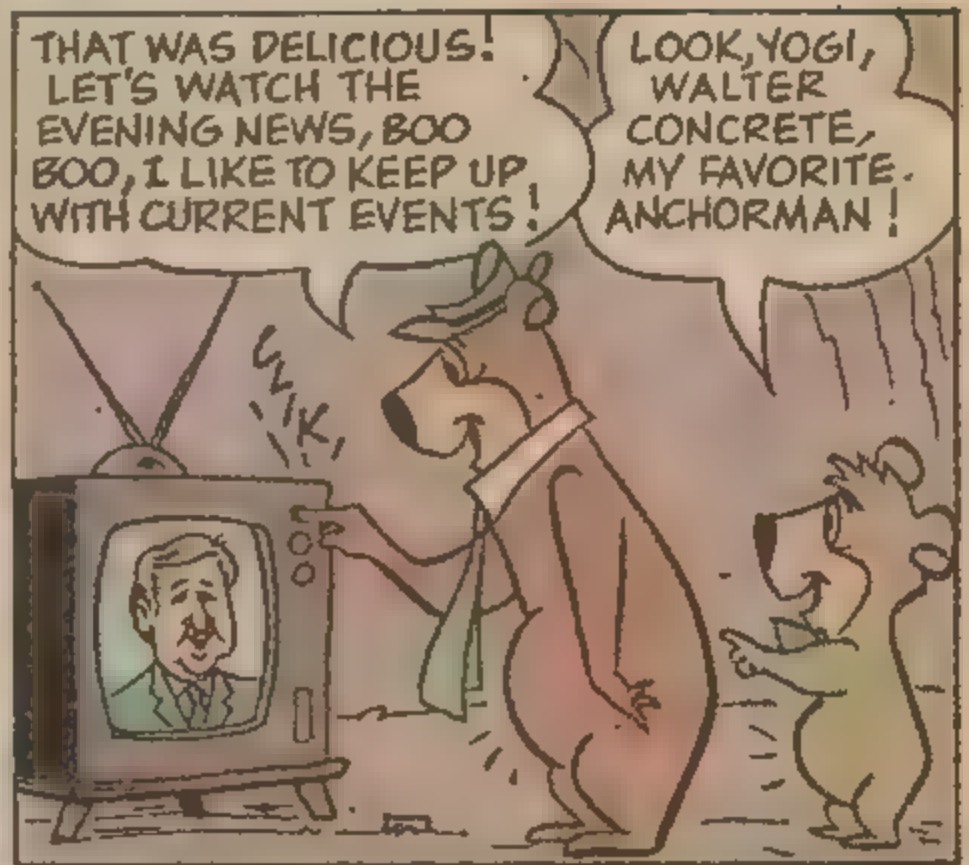
...I CAN TASTE
THAT SANDWICH
ALREADY...
YIPES!



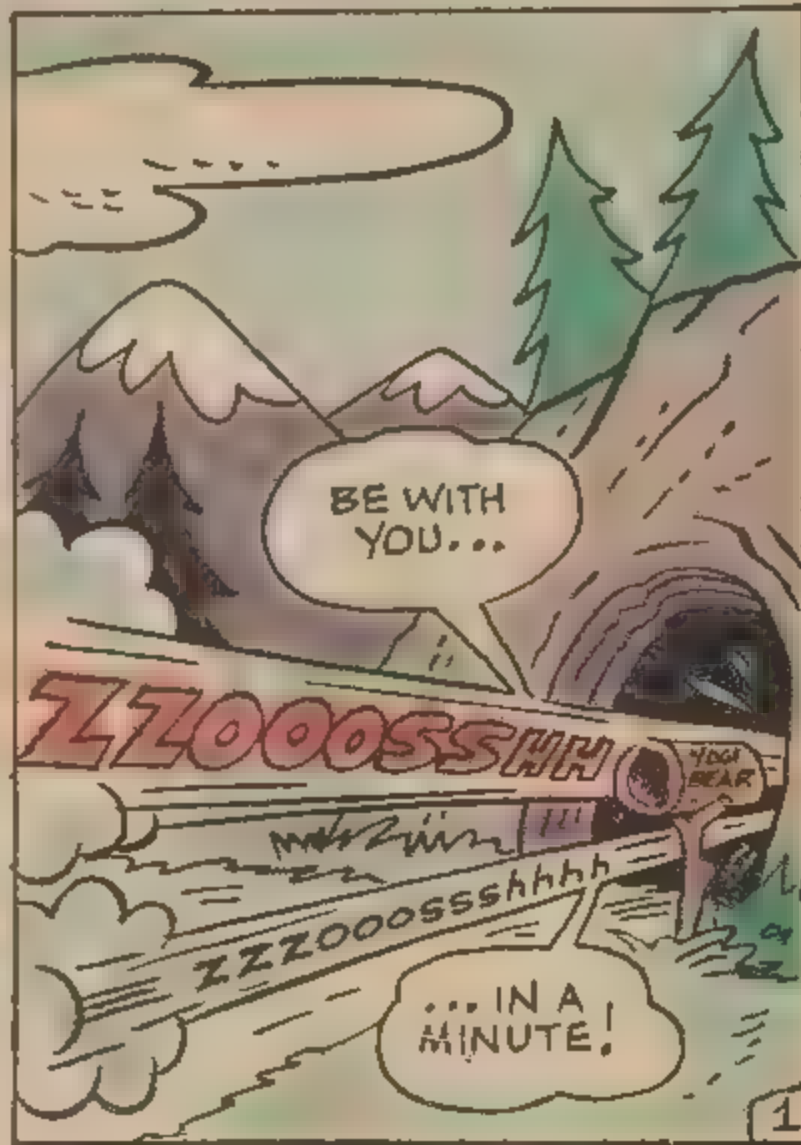
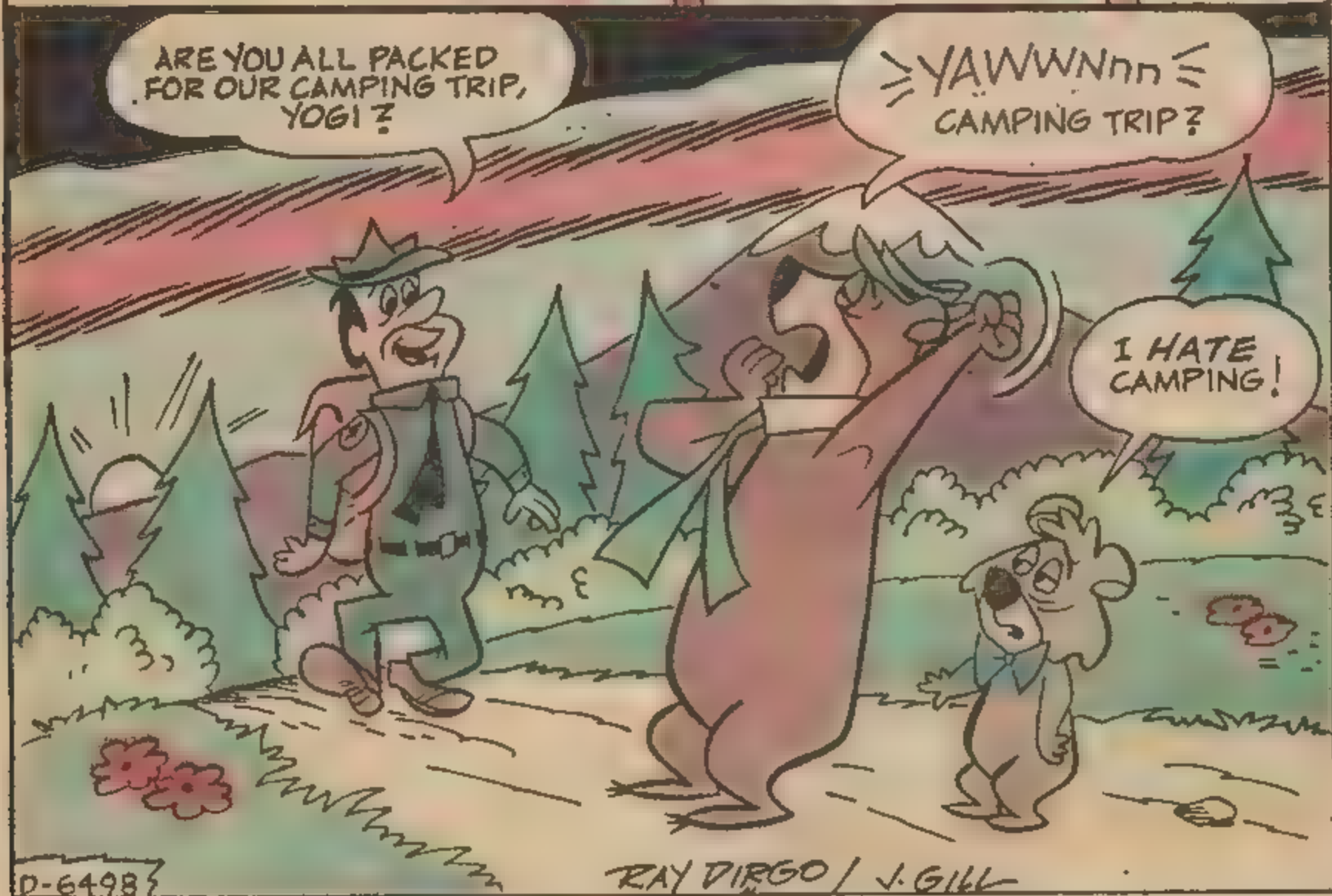
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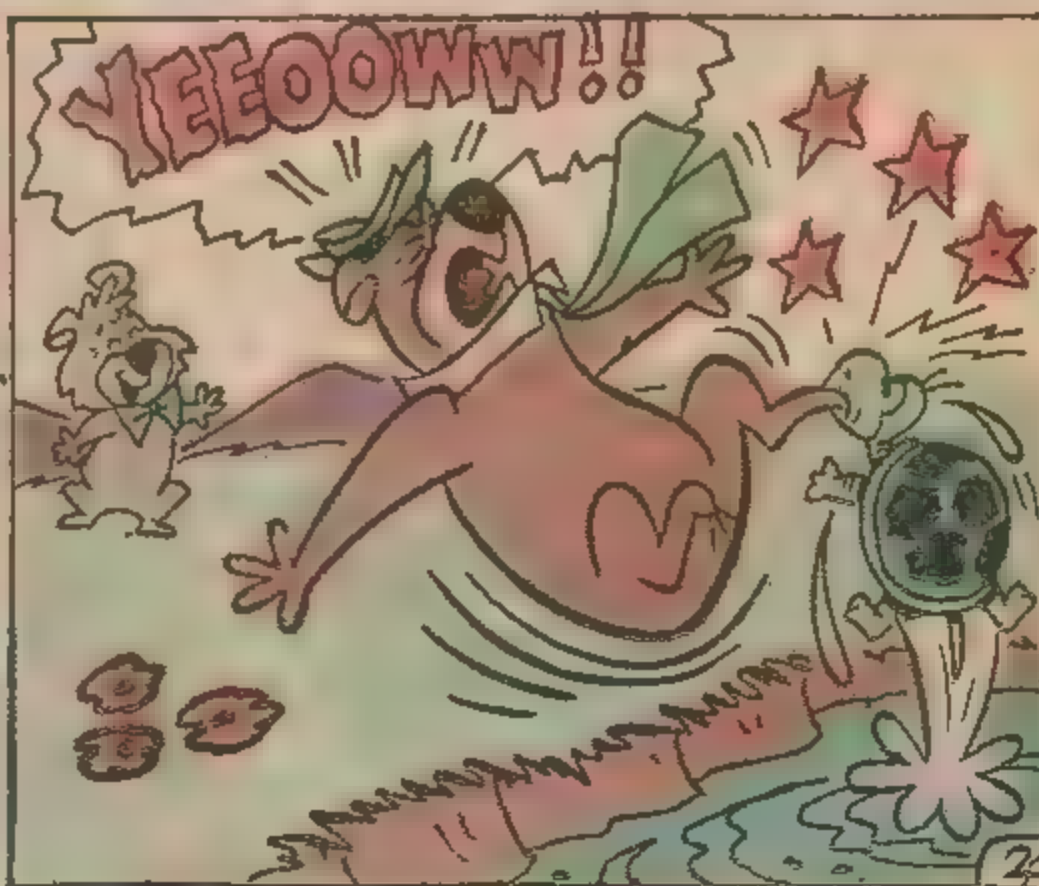
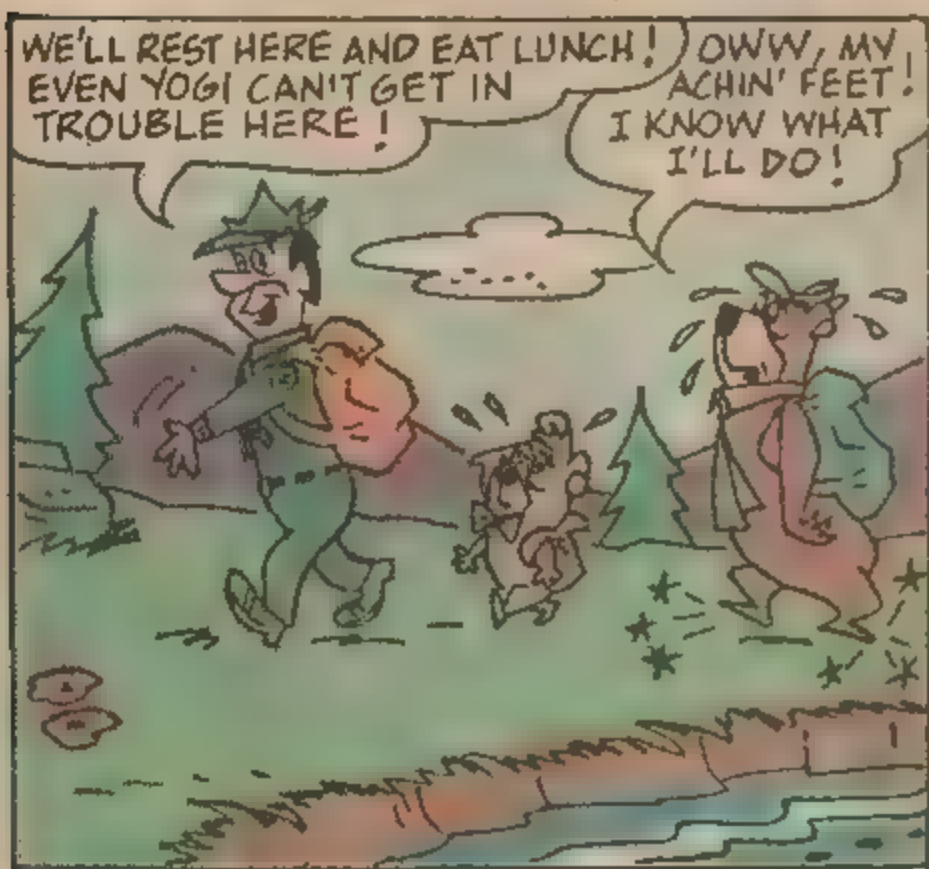
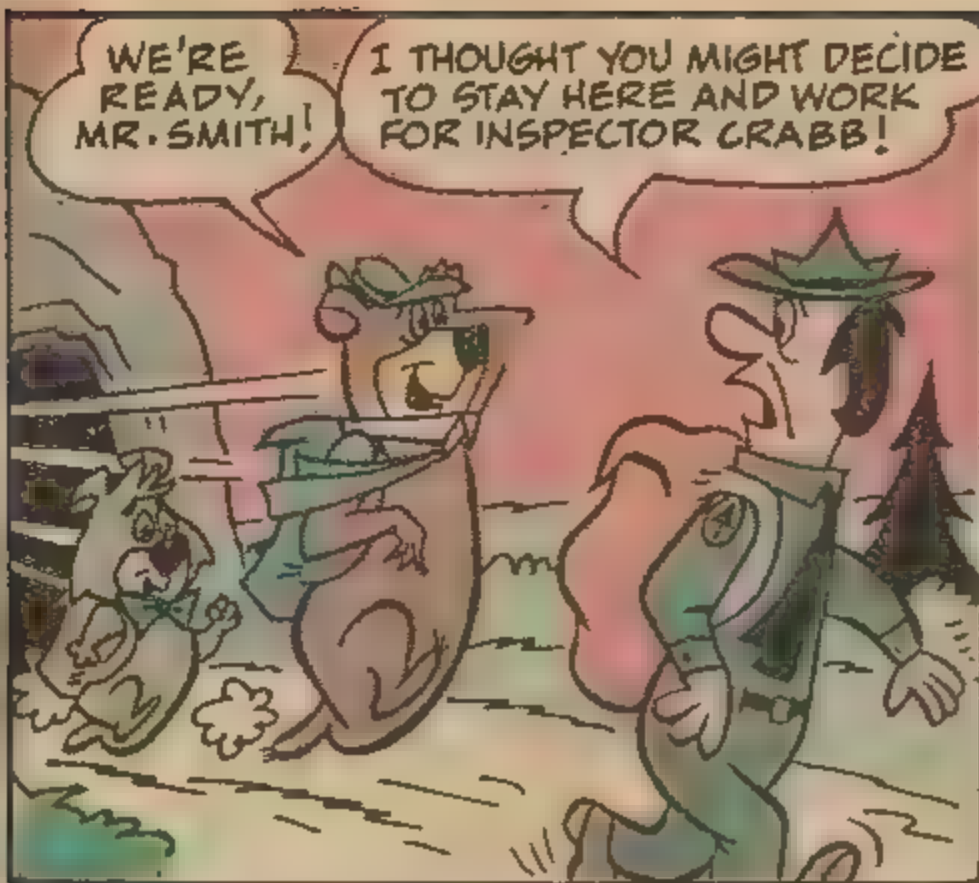


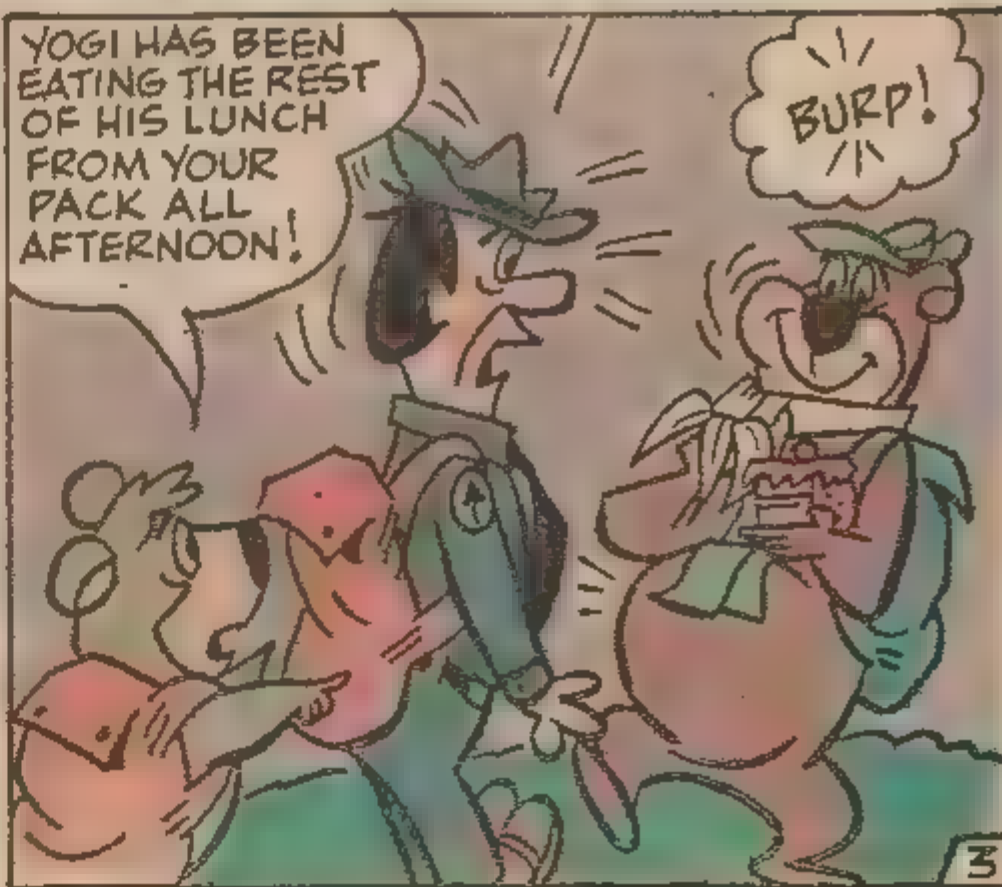
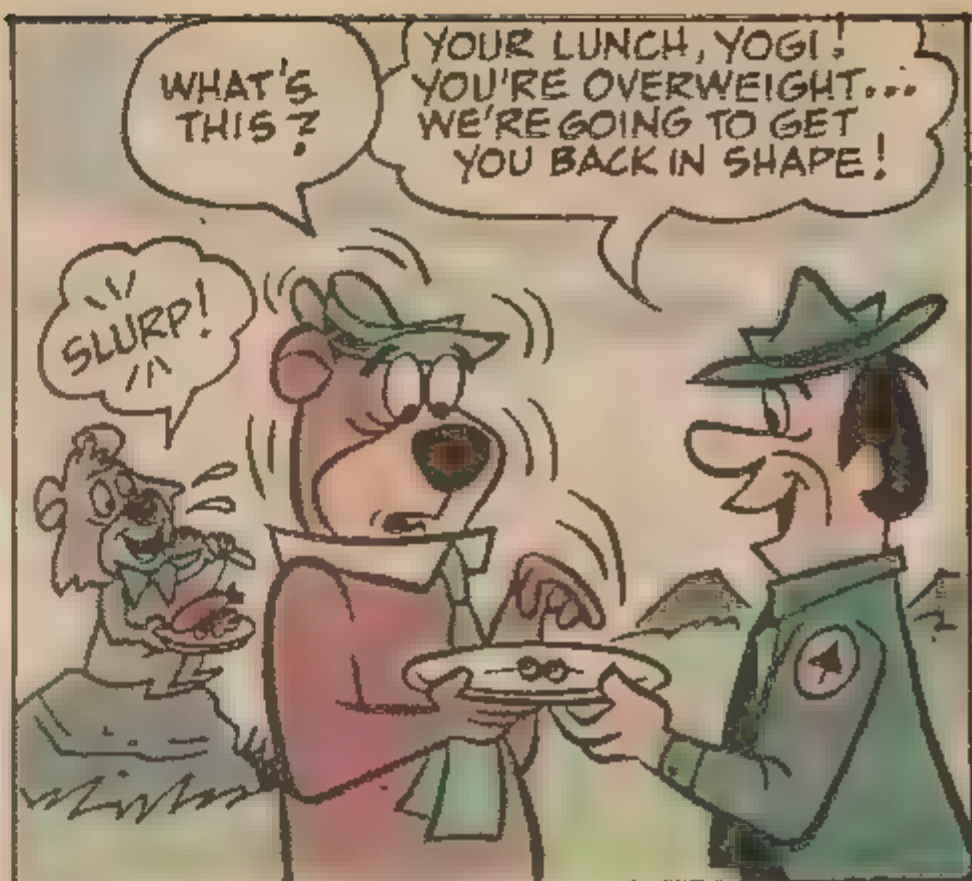
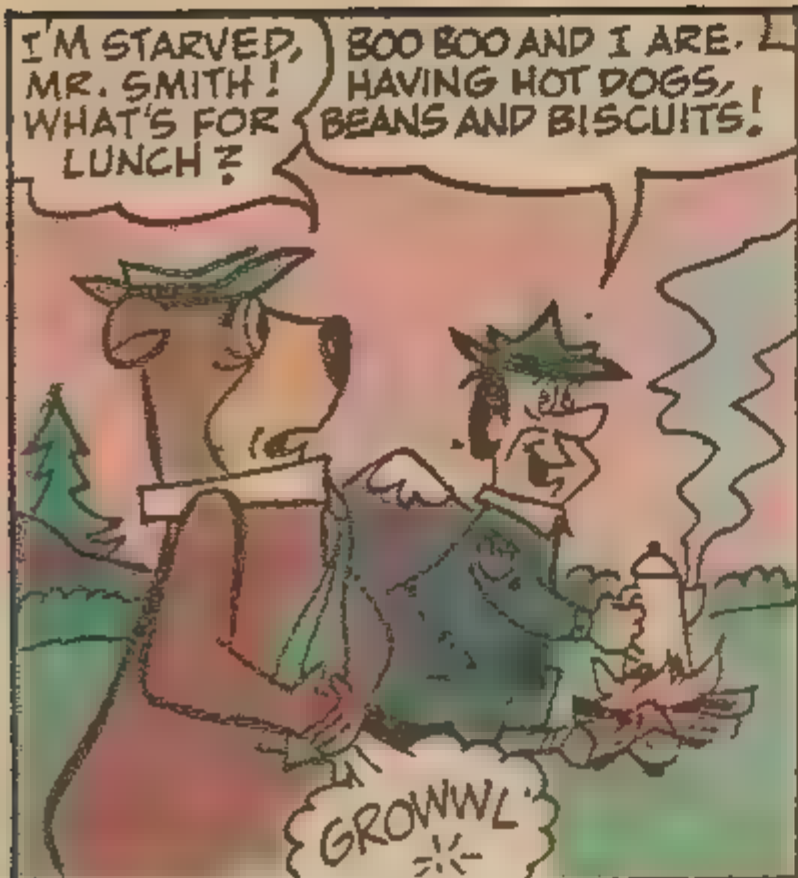


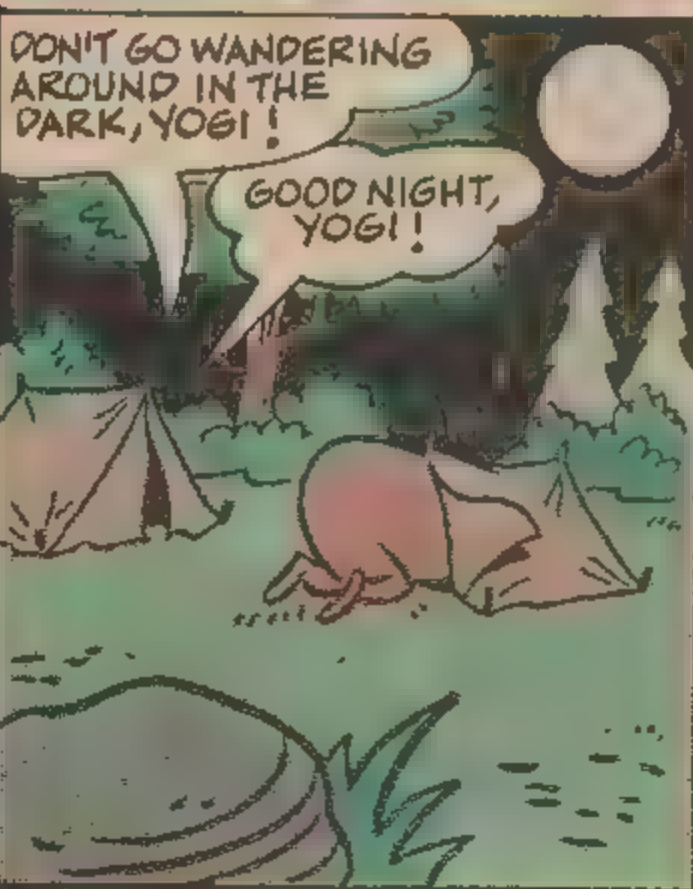


YOGI BEAR IN Supercamper













A RELAXING BOAT RIDE

STORY BY:
M.J. PELLOWSKI

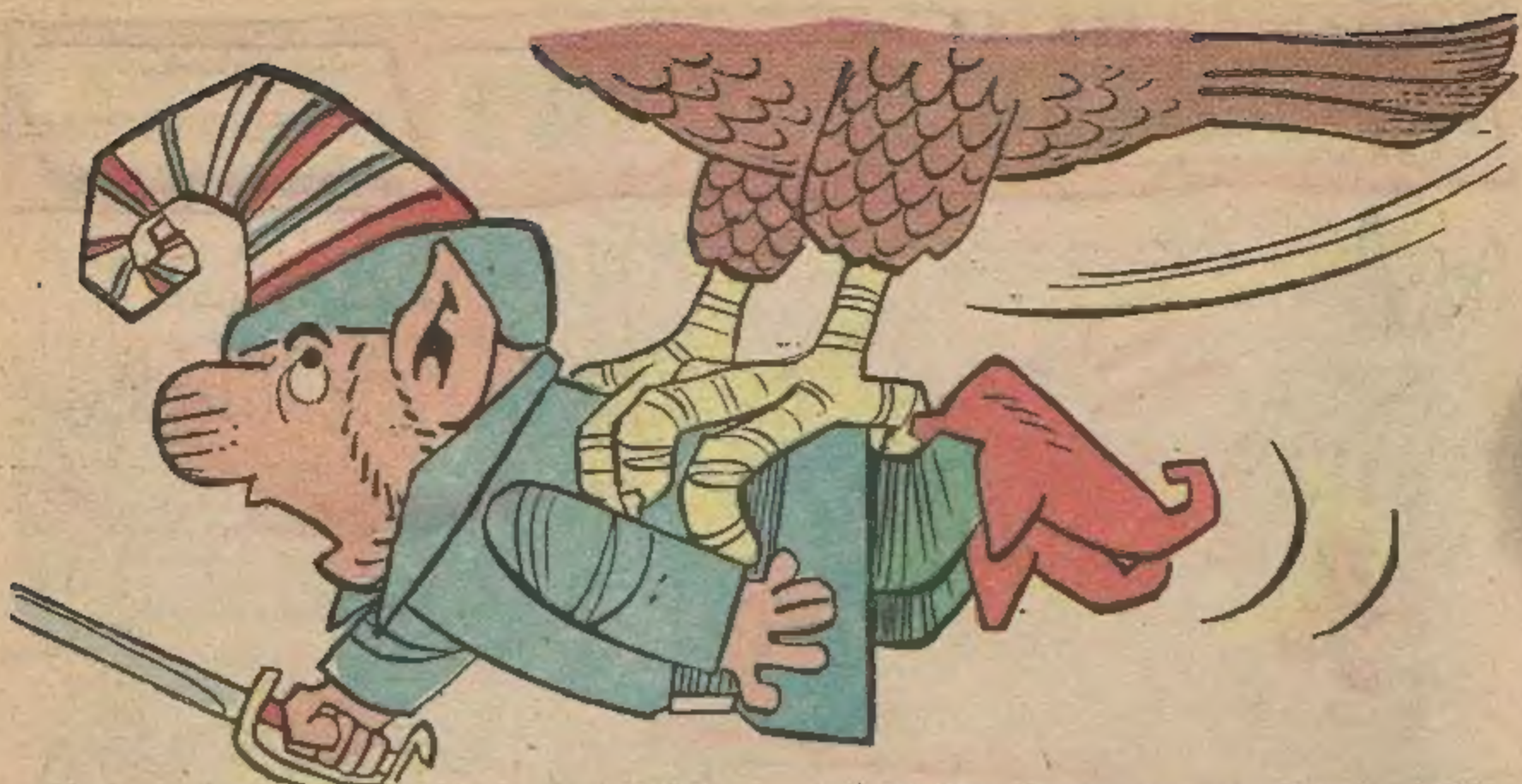


It was a very hot day in the enchanted forest where Lok the Elf lived. It was so hot that Lok decided to go for a boat ride on the lily pond. He hoped that floating around on the blue water of the pond would help cool him off. He put on his cap and shoes and stuck his tiny sword into his belt. He always carried his sword in case he was attacked by a hungry praying mantis or a near-sighted falcon. He looked around his tree stump cottage before leaving to make sure everything was in order. Everything was where it belonged, so Lok slammed the front door and locked it. He whistled a merry tune as he used his sword to cut a path for himself through the tall crabgrass. It was hot and hard work slicing out a shortcut to the pond.

When Lok finally reached the water's edge, he was

almost too tired to go boating. "I'll just sit here at the water's edge in the shade of the wild flowers and enjoy the view," said Lok as he plopped down under a daisy. The blazing sun beat down on the tiny elf. Lok saw turtles and frogs resting on rocks and lily pads out on the pond. "They sure look very cool out there," Lok said to himself. He noticed that the shade under his flower was slowly disappearing as the hot sun rose high into the sky. Lok decided that he wasn't too tired to go boating even when he realized he'd have to build himself a raft. "I'll be able to relax and just float around on the pond. It will be so nice, that it will be worth the hard work of building a raft," he muttered.

Lok hopped onto his feet and pulled his sharp sword out of his belt. He went into the woods to slice up some



the hawk's hunting cry but he looked up much too late. The hawk's sharp talons closed around his body and pinned his arms to his side. He was too tired to break free and couldn't use his sword to defend himself. "Hey, let me go!" he screamed as the bird snatched him off the ground and began to lift him skyward.

The hawk screeched and rapidly flapped its wings. Soon Lok was high in the air and far above the meadow. The hawk started to carry him miles and miles away. The bird was flying him to its nest high on a cliff's edge. Lok saw the nest and he saw three, hungry, little hawks eagerly waiting to devour whatever their mother brought them. Lok decided he wasn't going to be their afternoon snack.

He managed to wiggle one of his arms free. He pulled his sword out of his belt. He slashed at the hawk's downy feathers and startled the bird. She screamed in pain and flapped her wings trying to defend herself. The hawk's talons loosened and she dropped her babies' elf-sized meal.

Lok began to fall towards the distant earth. It looked



as if he would be smashed against the boulders piled near the cliff's edge far below. "Maybe I can glide over the ledge and grab a twig," he mumbled as he stretched out his arms to form make-shift wings. The wind was just right and the trick worked. He sailed through the air towards some branches growing out of

the cliff. When he was close enough he reached for a long, thick root dangling out of the mountainside. He grabbed it and held on for dear life. The impact of his landing caused him to turn somersaults but he held on with a vice-like grip.

When he finally stopped swinging back and forth he began the long climb down. The cliff was very narrow and he had to move inch by inch. It was a long way to the bottom and he had to be careful not to fall. Hours later, he reached the ground. He wiped his sweaty brow and sat down in the shade under a bunch of daisies. He was so tired out from his exciting ordeal that he fell fast asleep.

He didn't wake up until he heard someone shouting in his ear. "So here you are! I've been looking all over



for you. Lok, you're the laziest elf in the woods!" said the voice. Lok opened his eyes and saw Tinker. "I'm going to talk to the wood fairy about finding some exercises for you to do," threatened Tinker. "Oh no!" exclaimed Lok as he began to explain what had happened. "Here you are fast asleep and you expect me to believe your excuses. 'Forget it!' said Tinker. Lok just shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. "What's the use?" he muttered.